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CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

AT 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and dependent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; constipation—lives; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and bloodshot; pimples on face; dreams and night visions; restlessness; backache; loss of hair; loss of energy; loss of strength; loss of appetite; loss of sleep; loss of vitality; loss of power; loss of manhood; loss of life.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DR. K. & K.

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VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED

17 YEARS IN OHIO, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK

17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost power? Are you contemplating marriage? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. (Charge reasonable). BOOKS FREE. "The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Includes postcard, 2 cents. Sealed.

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DR. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 EUCLID AVE. CLEVELAND, O.

Sexine Pills

RENEW LOST VIGOR

For Sale by E. J. Schlachet, Druggist, N. Market St.

"THERE IS SCIENCE IN NEATNESS."

BE WISE AND USE

SAPOLIO

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NERVE SEEDS This Famous Remedy... **MAKE THE**... **WEAK STRONG**

Sold in Canton, Ohio, by Durbin, Wright & Co. and E. C. Miller & Co.

Prices and Quality

ALWAYS RIGHT at the

Old Reliable China Store!

Visit our store and see the best line of

Lamps, Dinner and Toilet Sets, House Furnishing Goods, &c.

Bour Bros.

139 East Tuscarawas St.

WHEN WIRES ARE DOWN

Then the Telegraph Lineman Has Work to Do.

THE OLD LINEMAN AND THE NEW.

Your Up to Date City Lineman Goes Underground Instead of Up in the Air, but Wherever He Works the Lineman's Vocation Is a Perilous One.

"Can't guarantee to get this message out tonight, sir," remarks the telegraph operator as he runs his pencil along and counts the words.

"Can't send it tonight!" you exclaim indignantly. "Well, when can you send it?"

"Perhaps by tomorrow noon."

Your astonishment and indignation increase, and you try to express both in fitting terms. After you have denounced



OLDSTYLE LINEMAN.

the telegraph company, its system and its officials from the general manager down you ask why, by all that's electrical, your message must wait for 18 hours before it is sent.

"Wires down west of Omaha and south of Columbus," ironically replies the operator. Or perhaps he locates the difficulty in some other part of the Union. It depends on where you happen to be. Then you realize for the first time that a storm which is raging hundreds of miles away and which may not reach your locality at all is liable to cause you some personal inconvenience and perhaps financial loss.

After you have partially forgiven the telegraph company and resigned yourself to the inevitable you dismiss the matter from your mind and never give a thought to what it means to the men whose duty it is to get the wires up again. For convenience we will say the break is between New York and Philadelphia. There are so many wires connecting these two points that only the most severe storm would disable them all at the same time. But the temporary loss of one or two important wires would be greatly felt because the normal volume of business over them is large.

The operator sitting at his desk in the big operating room in New York receives messages from the west suddenly discovers that something is wrong. The message has been broken off in the middle. He calls up the other end, but gets no response. Then he sends for the chief operator.

"What's up?" asks that official.

"No. 47's down," replies the operator.

The chief first goes to the big switchboard, where all the wires come in, and makes a test of No. 47 to see whether it is crossed on ground. Finding it is all right in those respects, he goes back to the operator's desk and says:

"Call up Elizabeth."

Tick, tick, clickety, clickety, click, goes the sender, and in a moment the sounder responds:

"Elizabeth's all right."

"Now try Bound Brook."

After more clicking the chief hears from Bound Brook.

"Call up Jenkintown."

Vainly the operator rattles the call, but Jenkintown does not respond, so the break must be between the two stations.

"That's nearer the Philadelphia end," comments the chief. "I'll see if I can get Philadelphia on No. 38."

Philadelphia is reached and notified of the break.

"We know it," comes back the answer. "Sent linemen out ten minutes ago."

Nice weather to climb telegraph poles! It is that sort of people call a blizzard. The moisture was a rain a



THE MODERN LINEMAN.

few hours ago has changed to snow and is being whirled through the air in blinding clouds by a 40 mile an hour gale. Every exposed surface is covered with an icy sheathing, and the mercury is rapidly falling. Yet this is just the kind of weather in which the linemen are busiest. He cannot bundle himself up in an overcoat either, for his limbs must be left free so that he can do acrobatic feats in midair. Out into the storm he goes, a coil of wire over his shoulder, from climbers strapped to his legs, his pockets stuffed with spare insulators and his wire nippers dangling from the leather belt around his waist.

Perhaps he walks a mile or two over the rails before he finds the wire. Then he climbs up the swaying pole, and, with the wind howling about him, his fingers benumbed with cold and his eyes almost blinded by snow, he reaches the severed ends. New York and Philadelphia are once more connected by No. 47, and he can tramp back to the station, where perhaps he has just thawed himself out, when he is sent off on a similar errand.

Crossed wires are the bane of the

lineman. An ordinary telegraph wire may be handled with impunity, but when, as often happens, it comes in contact with an electric light wire whose insulating covering has been worn off then it carries an alternating current of several thousand volts and becomes an instrument of death. Many a lineman has picked up an innocent looking wire and been knocked lifeless to earth.

After every storm of any consequence linemen are sent scurrying out by the early trains to repair the damage that invariably results. Winter storms do the most mischief. Sleet storms are more dreaded than hurricanes, for, while the latter may move down a path a few rods wide across the line of the telegraph, taking poles and wires with it, a sleet storm will so load down the wires that for many miles the whole system will be paralyzed. A wire need not necessarily be broken to disable it. Let a few insulators be missing and let the wind sway it, and it will become as useless as if it were broken in a dozen places.

In every important telegraph center big forces of linemen are kept ready to send out at a moment's notice. Very often as many as 300 linemen are sent out in one day from the main office of the Western Union in New York. They go prepared to do any kind of work.

"I acted as linemen once winter," said an expert telegraph operator, "and I got enough of it to last me for a lifetime. I was operator, station agent, baggage master and several other things at a little station on the Northern Pacific, way up in the northwest. As the nearest linemen was 200 miles or so away, I had to make my own repairs, and the company furnished me with a railroad bicycle for that purpose. There were several Indians who looked around the station a good deal and whom I occasionally got to help me. One of them, whom I called Jim, seemed to be more



OLDSTYLE LINEMAN.

intelligent than the others, and he had learned to splice a wire as well as run the track bicycle. One bitter cold day, when my line gave out, I asked Jim if he would go out and fix the break. Jim was delighted. I gave him a coil of new wire and sent him off. He came back in a couple of hours and assured me that he had done the job in good shape. I tried the wire, but found it did not work. Then I kicked Jim out of the office and went out myself. About two miles down the track I found the break and Jim's connection. The second had stolen the new wire, but had put in its place about 25 feet of old rope. He had even tied on a piece of worn-out leather line, thinking, in his glee, Indian way, that I would never know the difference. I trusted no more repairing to the Indians.

In the big cities a new type of linemen has made his appearance within the last decade or so. He came when the wires went underground, and he is becoming more numerous every day. While the city streets were still incumbered with lofty poles whose numerous cross-arms carried a network of wires the midair linemen was quite a hero and often attracted big crowds as he calmly worked away 80 or 40 feet above the pavement.

The underground linemen does his work unobserved and silently. He dresses like an ordinary individual, too, and does not even wear a belt. He comes along with a helper, who pries off the cover of a manhole on a street corner, and down into the black hole the subway linemen crawls. It is a great mistake, though, to think that all the danger was removed from his occupation when the wires were put underground. Down in the subway death lurks as well as up in the air. The very iron ladder by which he descends may be connected with an electric light wire, and as soon as he puts one foot on the earth the circuit is established. When this happens the helper above calls an ambulance, and there is a vacancy to be filled.

The work of the subway linemen is even more hazardous than that of the man who does "field work," and fully as many fatal accidents occur, although not nearly so many men are needed to look after the buried wires. But whether he is sent up a pole or down into a subway the linemen is constantly facing death in a terrible form and doing it, too, for so much a day.

CYRUS SYLVESTER.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss.

Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

A torpid liver means a bad complexion, bad breath, indigestion and frequent headaches. To avoid such complaints take DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. F. P. Shandale & Co., C. N. Nye, Fisher's Drug Store.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

FRIEND OF LINCOLN.

THE FIRST OF COLONEL JOHN HAY'S MANY HONORS.

The Famous Author of "Little Breaches" May Be Ambassador to England—His Experience in Diplomatic Life—A Poet of the People.

It is announced on what seems to be very good authority that Colonel John Hay will succeed Mr. Bayard as ambassador to England. Mr. McKinley has more than the precedents of sending a literary man to the court of St. James to urge him to make the appointment, for, although Colonel Hay's name has been mentioned as one of the many of Mr. McKinley's friends, yet he took a deep and active interest in the late presidential campaign. Besides this, he is an old friend of the president and has many qualifications which fit him for the post.

Colonel Hay is a man of varied attainments. He is one of the best known men in the United States, but his acquaintance with the world is not confined to the literary world. He is known as the author of "Castilian Days" and "The History of Abraham Lincoln."

Politicians know him as a man who for the past 20 years has been able to ask of the Republican administration almost any of the pleasant offices within its gift, and who has only taken advantage of his opportunities so far as to accept two or three minor foreign posts and the office of assistant secretary of state.

In journalistic circles he is known as about the only man whom Whitelaw Reid would trust to edit the New York Tribune while he went abroad.

Washington society knows him as a man of great wealth, generous hospitality and marked good taste who lives in a magnificent residence overlooking Lafayette square and almost exactly opposite the White House.

But the great American public knows Colonel John Hay as the man who wrote "Little Breaches," and long after his other achievements have been forgotten his fame will be preserved by his "Pike County Ballads," verses which he is said to have written in a joking mood and as a sort of parody on Bret Hart's dialect poems. In "Castilian Days" Hay has shown that he is a master of graceful style, erudite diction and pure English, but where there is one person who has read his tales of old Spain there are a thousand whose hearts have thrilled at the martial story detailing the "Wreck of the Prairie Bell" and telling how Jim Blodgett, the engineer, did as he swore he would when he said:

"I'll hold her nose as 'd in the bank."

There may be finer sentiment, too, in some of his other writings than is ex-



COLONEL JOHN HAY.

pressed in the closing lines of the rhymes which tell how "Little Breaches" was saved after his thrilling ride "hell to split over the prairie" and in which the author declares:

"I think that a little child
Is a darned sight better business
Than leading around the throne."

But if there is it will not be remembered half so long as this, couched in the rough and rugged dialect of good Pike county, Ills.

Colonel Hay was born in Salem, Ind., in 1838. His father was a physician, and his grandfather was one of the heroes of the Revolution. After being graduated at Brown college young Hay went at the age of 21 to Springfield, Ill., where he entered the office of Abraham Lincoln and commenced the study of law. When Lincoln was made president, he selected Hay as one of his private secretaries. The other was Nicolay, who later on collaborated with Hay in writing the history of the martyred president.

After Lincoln's assassination Hay, who had been seen serving during the war and had gained the title of colonel, went to Paris as secretary of the United States legation and was later transferred to Madrid, where he did some of his best literary work.

In 1873 Colonel Hay returned to this country and accepted an editorial desk on the New York Tribune. He retained this position until the election of President Hayes, who invited him to become first assistant secretary of state, an appointment which was very acceptable to him. At the conclusion of his term Colonel Hay went to Cleveland, the home of his wife's parents, and devoted several years to writing.

In 1881 he returned to the Tribune at the request of Whitelaw Reid and managed that newspaper while the latter went on a wedding tour to Europe. Although it was a time of great political excitement, the Garfield-Blaine Conkling quarrel occurring during this period, Colonel Hay conducted the Tribune to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Colonel Hay's marriage to the daughter of Amasa Stone, the Ohio millionaire, was undoubtedly the spoiling of a rare literary genius, who might have given the world much more of his graceful and elegant work had he been urged on by necessity. But his wealthy and somewhat eccentric father-in-law treated him with such generosity that the incentive to use his pen was removed. For awhile Colonel Hay and his wife lived in a handsome residence on Euclid avenue, and when the old millionaire died the management of his big estate was turned over to Colonel Hay. Since then he has written but little. He built the Washington mansion which he now occupies and spent much time and money in filling it with rare and curious treasures. There he has entertained capital society in a dazzling manner and has generally lived a life of ease. As the court of St. James he is expected to represent the entire nation for he has not only the means, but the ambition, or at least his wife and daughter have the latter, to achieve social triumphs.

FRANCIS B. TALBERT.

Persons who are troubled with indigestion will be interested in the experience of William B. Fenn, chief clerk in the railway mail service at Des Moines, Iowa, who writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For two years I have suffered from indigestion, and am subject to frequent attacks of pain in the stomach, and bowels. One or two doses of this remedy never fails to give prompt relief. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by C. N. Nye, corner Barnet House, Philadelphia, and drug stores, 225 N. Market; E. L. Johnson, 300 Tuscarawas street."

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A WOMAN NAVIGATOR.

To Get a Master's Certificate After Eighteen Years of Seafaring.

For 18 years Mrs. Jane Powles has followed the sea, and such good use has she made of her opportunities that she is soon to take out a master's certificate, which will enable her to ship as captain, should she so desire, of any kind of sailing craft. It is not likely, however, that Mrs. Powles will seek a new berth, for she already carries second mate's papers on board the British ship James Kerr, of which her husband, T. Y. Powles, is captain. The James Kerr is a big four masted ship whose capacious hold will contain eight or ten trainloads of freight, and her second mate is a person of no little importance. Mrs. Powles has held this position for seven years, and is so thoroughly skilled in navigation that she could take the craft around the world and back again even if her husband were not with her.

Ever since her marriage Mrs. Powles has accompanied her husband on his trips, and during that time they have cruised the globe together 19 times and have visited almost every port of importance in the world. Instead of doing fancy work under the cabin awning, Mrs. Powles has studied and practiced navigation, and her husband says she is just as competent to take command as he is. On more than one occasion she has been in charge of the deck and has shown herself to be cool and courageous in emergencies. She knows every rope on the ship and can take her trick at the wheel with any sailorman



MRS. JANE POWLES.

afloat. She is always a favorite with the crew, which can seldom be said of a second mate.

Mrs. Powles is a minister's daughter, her father being Rev. Mr. Hamor, rector of Stratford Town parish, Salisbury, England. She is an accomplished and well educated woman, speaking almost every modern language with fluency and having more than a slight knowledge of several ancient tongues. She was born at sea on a voyage from Calcutta to San Francisco. The young man is 16 years old now and has been learning the science of navigation on an English training ship, but is soon to become an apprentice on his father's ship.

Captain and Mrs. Powles live an ideal life aboard ship. Mrs. Powles is a good musician and has a piano of her own in the big, roomy cabin. The captain is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and has several large albums filled with pictures which he has taken in all sorts of odd corners of the earth. They have numerous animal pets, including several dogs and a number of Australian song birds.

A CUBAN ROYALIST.

Weyler Is Not Half Savage Enough to Please Senora Canel.

The newspaper in which are to be found some of the most bitter and fiery sentiments that are anywhere printed against the Cuban insurgents is La Cotorra, a weekly Havana paper whose owner and publisher is a woman. Her name is Senora Eva Canel, and she is the widow of Eloy P. Buzo, who was a well known journalist, and who founded the journal which she has so ably conducted since his death.

Senora Canel is a daughter of old Castile, a Spaniard to the backbone, and of course the cause of Cuban liberty finds little favor in her sight. Every week the columns of her publication fairly seethe with scathing denunciations of the "traitorous rebels" who are in rebellion, and she stoutly calls upon the government to be still more rigorous and implacable in its dealings with them. The cruelties of the bloody Weyler are not half savage enough to please her haughty and blustering nature. On the Cuban leaders she is as strict as all her invective, and writes things which it would be decidedly unpleasant for them to read.

Of course all this makes Senora Canel very popular with the royalists. Her paper is virtually the organ of the government, and the Havana journalists have given to her a cordial invitation to become a mem-

ber of their exclusive organization. She is such a brilliant and capable writer that the Spaniards have laid aside their national prejudice against the advanced woman and are loud in her praises.

Senora Canel is really a refined and highly educated woman, and her extravagant outbursts of passion are only evidence of her intense and intolerant nature. She was born and educated in Barcelona, but has traveled extensively. She is the author of several books of the genre, in which she has described her wanderings in such a charming style that there is a saying in Spain that it repays the stranger to learn the language of Castile if only that he may read the stories of Dona Eva Canel. These books, written in a more peaceful and unimpassioned style, are much worthier of her pen than the eloquent but undignified and redoubt abuse which she is now showering upon the Cuban patriots.

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SENORA EVA CANEL.

THE BLUES.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE DREADFUL FEELING.

What Is Meant by This Form of Acute Misery—Where Doctors Make Mistakes. When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture.

It is usually this way:— She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached; and back aches; has slept poorly; been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart has beat very fast; then that bearing-down feeling. Her doctor says, "cheer up, you have dyspepsia; you'll be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right." She grows worse day by day, till all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake. She has lost faith in him; hope vanishes; then comes the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. Her doctor, if he knew, should have told her and cured her, but he did not, and she was allowed to suffer. By chance she came across one of Mrs. Pinkham's books, and in it she found her very symptoms described and an explanation of what they meant. Then she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice, feeling that she was telling her troubles to a woman. Speedy relief followed, and vigorous health returned.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years, and the story recited above is the true experience of hundreds of women whose letters of gratitude are to be found on file in Mrs. Pinkham's library.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH